The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

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Editorial Notes.

We regret to be obliged to announce that Miss AUGUSTA LARNED, who has had charge of THE REVOLUTION during the absence of its editor in Europe, has been compelled to resign in consequence of continued illness. A recognition of the industry and conscientious fidelity with which she has admirably performed a sometimes difficult task, with the hope for her speedy recovery, is the least notice we can take of a withdrawal that will be regretted alike by all our readers and contributors.

The first widow marriage among the Kupola Bunias of Bombay took place a few weeks ago. It required a good deal of courage in the poor woman to break through the superstitious customs of centuries, and marry again. We hope that she will have no occasion to regret not burning herself with the body of her dead husband.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps thinks there is more downright misery among young women between the ages of eighteen and thirty than among any other class of people. Perhaps she does not know so much about the misery on the shady side of thirty as on the sunny side. There are some wonderfully miserable people who will never see their thirtieth birthday again.

At Saratoga and Long Branch it is now considered essential for a fashionable young woman to change her dress before every meal, and re-arrange her hair for every evening; which makes a slave of whoever does it, and turns what should be a summer rest and recreation into exacting labor and dissipation. Sensible people ought to set the example of a better style. It is time our fashions were revolutionized. A little common sense would be the latest novelty in some places and in many heads.

Robert Collyer, the firm, fervent friend of woman and her emancipation, never lets an occasion for bearing a brave testimony in her behalf go by unused. His new volume of sermons, "The Life That Now Is," is sprinkled all through with sentences which show that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." The following is an example: "You may see sometimes, a young man who will do no good at all until he gets a wife; but then he does really become a man. Now, such a man may scoff at the woman question, as such men sometimes do, and say the common platitudes about the inferiority of woman's nature to that of the man, as such men often will; but a woman like that is replying in her silent, steady life, all day long, 'I am the vine, you are the branch, and without me you can do nothing.'"

So far as young women are concerned, the only New England college which has yet got beyond mere preliminary inquiries is Bates college, at Lewiston, Me., whose president boasts with reason, in his annual address: "We know no sect, and what is more we know no sex." But the younger Western colleges seem to be going steadily in the same direction, and following the older traditions of Oberlin and Antioch. The State Universities of Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin, as well as several other Western institutions, all agree that the introduction of women has done only good, and no manner of harm. And there is no valid reason why young women should not be admitted to all colleges on equal terms with young men—nothing but the stupid prejudice rooted in old time precedents, and bolstered up with chronic conservatism. It is young women to whom our colleges should be opened. There seem to be a plenty of old women in some of them already.

The women of England who are interested in the enfranchisement of their sex work for this end in very practical and effective ways. A recent private letter says that, while American women have a grand way of talking, the English women have a peculiarly effective way of working; and while with us most of the real force of the woman movement escapes in noise and is utterly wasted, in England that force is wisely utilized and turned to practical account in unobtrusive ways. However this may be, there is no question that our cause is stealthily and steadily gaining ground in England, with greater rapidity than we sometimes imagine it is advancing in our country. The methods of advancing it in the two countries are necessarily different. Its advocates are very differently constituted. English women are less nervous, excitable, enthusiastic and given to publicity than our own; they have a less sentimental, poetical and rhetorical way of looking at and dealing with questions; they seize more directly upon the practical aspects of the matter in hand; and instead of wasting breath and breaking friendships over incidents, go directly for the main issue. In these respects, we may learn a valuable lesson from them.

William Howitt, the venerable author, gives a full and very interesting account of his habits and way of living in the *Herald of Health* for the current month. He drinks coffee and tea, and sometimes wine; lives in the country where the air is pure and the sunshine plenty, away from the poisoned atmosphere and more injurious excitements of a great city; rises early and retires early; exercises a great deal in the open air, often taking long journeys, once spending two years in Australia, living under a tent most of the time and getting completely renovated by it. Last summer he and Mary visited Switzerland, and found that—at seventy-six, while she was sixty—they could climb higher, walk farther, and endure more than many young travellers. His three receipts for longevity are temperance, early hours, and daily exercise. But the good man forgot to mention one thing, and that one has done more to keep him young and strong than any of the things he mentions, viz.: that sweet, affectionate, noble woman ever by his side, responding to his every best sentiment, aiding his every effort, and infusing the joy of a loving, loyal soul into his own. The hygienic value of a wife like Mary Howitt is incalculable, and with such a woman for a constant companion, the wonder is not that he has lived so long, but that he cannot live forever.

Warrington writes to the *Springfield Republican* that there is hardly a possibility that the Massachusetts Legislature will pass a bill authorizing woman's suffrage within three or five years, and that a bill for that purpose would not receive so many votes as a constitutional amendment, for many members vote for the latter because they are not willing to see the people vote on the question.

Troubles seldom come alone, according to the old proverb, and our city authorities have found that when it rains it often pours. The riot was quite too much for the powers that be; for say all they could, the exasperating fact remained that either the Mayor or Governor was responsible for it, and, in either case, the blame and the odium fell upon the same party. This terribly damaging misadventure has been followed by an exposure of frauds in management of the City finances, so vast in amount, and so startling in their audacity, that people of all parties are shocked into silence or stung into desperation. It would seem that millions of dollars have been squandered for which there is nothing to show, unless it be palatial private residences and sumptuously-furnished political club-rooms. If the accounts published in the *Times* are correct, that paper deserves the greatest credit for its enterprise in obtaining the facts, and its courage in making them known; and the power of the party that has ruled our city for the last few years may be considered as at an end. The people of all parties will combine to put down such a conspiracy of thieves. But do the gentlemen, who pride themselves so much upon their financial ability and business management and commercial enterprise, regard this matter as a demonstration of their superior sagacity? Do they think that if the women had had a hand in the city government, it could have been managed worse? When they complacently congratulate themselves on their political superiority to women, would it not be well for them to read over some of the tables published in the *Times* just to confirm their pride and make themselves comfortable?

WOMAN'S WORK.

The question, "What women can do," is best answered by pointing to what women have done; and they have done enough in art, science, literature, mechanics, and charity, to demonstrate the possession of abilities of too high an order to be tied up in a napkin and left to waste or rust themselves away. It would be pleasant to repeat the oft-told tale of woman's achievements were it necessary to do so; but the facts are too familiar to require anything more than this passing allusion. Those who ask the question with which we set out have only to open their eyes on almost any department of industry to find women among its successful workers, and the products of her skill and taste are conspicuous monuments of woman's genius, if not an honor to the race.

We have just laid down a little book, giving in a simple, artless way, an account of the labors of two English women as parish visitors in "The Streets and Lanes of a City," by Amy Dutton, published by Macmillan. The story makes no pretensions to literary graces, or merits of any sort. It is rather loosely written, and here and there the sentences display a ravelled edge. But it has, nevertheless, all the charm that belongs to artless accounts of things intrinsically interesting and pathetic. It tells of visits to the poor, and the little attentions and advice, the small contributions, the alleviating care, and more than all else, the wonderfully healing and uplifting sympathy that these good women were able to distribute among the sick, the destitute, the forgotten, and the alone of a crowded city. It makes no appeal to the reader's admiration; it twines no garland to catch the fancy and lead sentiment and imagination captive. The routine is terribly dull, matter-of-fact, and in some cases repulsive; but it is all real. Moreover, it deals with human beings, and sees them helped. It indicates the real wants of the poor, and how they are to be relieved, and it shows what women can do in quiet, unobtrusive ways for the comfort and improvement of wretched fellow beings, by lifting the curtain just a little, and letting us see what they have done.

Here was Mrs. Iliff, a farmer's widow, who had been affluent, but was now destitute sick and half insane. "She never attempted to hurt any one but herself, and a kind look or word generally calmed her at once. I well remember the soft, sad expression in her eyes as she listened to the old, familiar psalm tunes I crooned while plying at my coarse needle-work in her darkened room." She hoped to be provided for in an asylum, but it was the story of "Ginx's Baby" over again; for while the authorities of "Magus and Edmund were disputing which should *not* bear her expenses," she died.

A very interesting story is that of a poor wreck of a soldier, who had been pushed and jostled about and trodden upon until he had lost all faith in men, and worst of all, in himself. Miss Amy had hard work to get sufficient hold of him to do anything for his relief. But kindness worked a tortuous way into his heart, and the dormant chivalry awakened, and the soul of this poor, half-blind man, was melted by a woman's tenderness into the docility and trust of childhood. Her sympathy was a ray of sunshine on a frozen mind.

It would be pleasant to follow Miss Dutton through all the lanes and streets of her city, and tell how these sick people were cared for; how that Magdalen was saved; and how a widow's boy, brought up in ignorance and abandonment, with no trade but stealing and that learned when he was little more than an infant, became an industrious man, and the support of his family. We can only refer to these in passing to the two-fold lesson of this and other books of the same kind. They show the character of the wants of our poor people; that they need not large donations of food, coal, and clothes, but the sympathy, the interest, the cheer and advice of those socially and intellectually above them. They want a hand stretched down to them from above, and a hand with a heart beating in its palm. They need to be shown *how* to help themselves and encouraged to do it, and to be *led* along the right way, as well as to have that way pointed out to them. To help them to help themselves, and to inspire them with that self-respect, confidence, trust, and humanity, which are the soul and beginning of all improvement, are of vastly greater value than outward gifts.

All real charity and help to the poor and suffering must be personal. Machinery cannot take the place of mind. Societies are no proper substitutes for that sympathy which goes to the inmost soul because it comes from the inmost soul. Charity must be a thing of individual feeling and act. And for this work women are superlatively endowed, fitted by faculty and training, both for the highest success. And more and more should our women engage in it, doing the humblest acts in the loftiest spirit, pouring the sweetness of their sympathy into the wounds and rents of our poor humanity, and shedding the light of Heaven's forgiving love into the heart of sin. While we reach one hand up to take the ballot, which is our right, we must reach the other down to relieve the suffering and save the fallen, which is our duty and privilege. Men will hardly have the face to deny the franchise to the woman who has shed the fragrance of her sympathy into a sinner's soul, and snatched a brother from the grip of death.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

Probably most of our readers have read George Eliot's "Armgart," a poem of marked character and striking merits, which every young woman would do well to commit to memory. A passage or two, however, will interest those who have not read the whole. A Count, who had been rejected by Armgart when she was unknown, renews his proposal when she had become an opera-star. He advises her, having once proved the excellence of her voice, to abandon the giddy eminence to which it has raised her. She answers:

> I chose to walk high with sublimer dread
> Rather than crawl in safety. And, besides,
> I am an artist as you are a noble:
> I ought to bear the burthen of my rank.

And, when the Count makes the trite remark,

> A woman's rank
> Lies in the fulness of her womanhood:
> Therein alone she is royal—

She replies:

> Yes, I know
> The oft-taught Gospel: "Woman, thy desire
> Shall be that all superlatives on earth
> Belong to men, save the one highest kind—
> To be a mother. Thou shalt not desire
> To do ought best save pure subservience:
> Nature has willed it so!" O blessed Nature!
> Let her be arbitress; she gave me voice
> Such as she only gives a woman child,
> Best of its kind, gave me ambition too.
> That sense transcendent which can taste the joy
> Of swaying multitudes, of being adored
> For such achievement, needed excellence,
> As man's best art must wait for, or be dumb.
> Men did not say, when I had sung last night,
> "'Twas good, nay, wonderful, considering
> She is a woman"—and then turn to add,
> "Tenor or baritone had sung her songs
> Better, of course: she's but a woman spoiled."

Armgart will not marry the Count; and, though she refuses him kindly, there is a scorn in her answer that it would be well if young ladies in real life could oftener honestly use to their suitors:

> Forgive me; seek the woman you deserve,
> All grace, all goodness, who has not yet found
> A meaning in her life, or any end
> Beyond fulfilling yours. The Type abounds.

Unfortunately the type abounds, and also the men who want a wife merely to please and enrich their own selfish souls and adorn their lives by her accomplishments; and sacrifices abound everywhere as well. The men who preach a "noble womanhood" to women would render more imporant and needful services by teaching the rudiments of a noble manhood to men. For three-fourths of the weakness, frivolity, folly, and extravagance of women men are to blame. Let men set an example of true purity, generosity, and high-mindedness, and they will find plenty of women everywhere only too glad to keep step with them on that high plane of life. But whether men invite women to a noble level of life and mood of mind or not, let every woman aspire to realize the utmost nobleness of thought and sentiment in life and character, and a noble womanhood will command the world.

DOMESTIC INFELICITIES OF LITERARY PEOPLE.

The domestic infelicities of authors and literary characters generally are proverbial. They were numerous in Disraeli's day, and have continued to increase. Splendid exceptions there are to what is thought the rule, that literature seems to be the bane of matrimony. Every one knows of beautiful instances in which a literary man is bound in a marriage that is a continuous idyl, and has a home that is Eden back again. Then it is possible to find a literary woman paired with a matter-of-fact business man, and no false measure was ever known to break the perfect rythm of their life verse.

But these exceptions may be counted. We all know just how many such there are. But the instances of domestic infelicity among literary people are too common and numerous to be noted. They establish the rule. Indeed, it is almost taken for granted that an author quarrels with his wife, and an authoress is a candidate for divorce if she has not already passed through that golden gate which is thought to open out of slavery into freedom.

It would be curious and instructive to make a study of each individual instance of domestic infelicity between literary people, and ascertain the causes which bring about this unhappy result. Why should such instances occur so frequently among the literary class as to thus attract universal notice and comment? What are the causes of so much

marital unhappiness in the literary class? We ask the question quite as much to provoke thought in others as to suggest a reply of our own. Doubtless many different causes conspire in each individual case to produce the results we seriously deplore. Perhaps, in most cases, both parties are quite equally censurable for their conduct. No single ingredient tinctures every cup. If there is any one thing we must guard against, it is the too common fallacy of attributing a class of events or experiences intrinsically different, though superficially similar, to a single cause. Many streams flow together to make the river, and half the elements combine to make a raindrop.

But admit that many causes tend to produce the infelicity universally complained of; yet one cause is so conspicuous as to deserve notice. It is the cultivated difference between the sexes. The educated unlikeness makes sympathy, companionship and helpfulness impossible. It matters not which is the literary partner; the essential fact remains the same in either case. A young man takes to study, is liberally educated, selects a profession, but finally becomes absorbed in authorship of some kind. When yet young, before his tastes were fully developed, or the bent of his genius known even to himself, he falls in love with a girl on his own plane of life.

They are perfectly sympathetic; all their sentiments, tastes, aims and hopes run parallel with each other, and their harmonious souls predict a life of perfect accord. They marry, the husband continues his studies, forms literary associations, becomes absorbed in intellectual pursuits, and finds himself in a different world from that he once inhabited. He turns to his wife for sympathy, response and companionship, but gets no intelligent communication. She has been engaged with the household, making clothes, following the fashions, filling a place in society, living a life as unlike that of her husband as though they were denizens of two different planets. They meet at the same table; they confer on matters of mutual interest; but after all it is the touch of two globes at the circumference, each repelling the other by the contact, not the mingling of two streams in a common channel. The difference leads naturally to irritation, and, unless constantly guarded against, to open rupture.

The same thing is equally true on the other side. What community of thought and feeling can there be between a cultivated, refined, intellectual woman, whose heart is in her studies, and whose thoughts and imaginations are busy with great authors and engaging themes, and a plodding, matter-of-fact man of business? The molasses and metaphysics do not assimilate. The poetry does not take kindly to the pork. There is no use in trying to wink the fact out of sight for it is obviously then the fact, that people grow apart by every act and increment of life, cannot live happily and helpfully together, except by the exercise of more patience and philosophy and mutual forbearance than most mortals possess.

And what is to be done in the premises? We are simply concerned now in stating a fact which is obvious enough, but which most people try to hide out of sight; and the fact suggests its own remedy, which consists in equalizing the conditions and culture of the sexes. Open the schools and colleges to young men and women on equal terms, and they will naturally select for life-partners those of kindred qualities, tastes and ambitions. Give every woman an equal opportunity and occasion with every man for thinking of great subjects, studying important questions, reading the best books, and she will be his helper and peer in whatever field he may choose to enter. Provide cultivated, accomplished literary women for wives, and the disparity between the sexes will cease, and the domestic infelicity of literary men will disappear.

The woman movement, which is so often cursed as the breaker-up of home, the loosener of domestic ties, the cause of confusion, is really pledged to obliterate domestic unhappiness, and is doing more to fit the sexes for helpful and happy marriage relations than any other cause we know of. For, recognizing the differences between the sexes, we insist on educating their likenesses, developing their sympathies, training both together for a life that must be spent in kindred labors and recreations. There is good reason why the race-horse and the truck-horse make a miserable span, each chafing the other continually. Let those who elect literature for their profession find partners whom literature has chosen for her own, and we shall hear no more of the infelicities of literary people.

MRS. SOCRATES.

Old Xanthippe has a rather hard name in history. Quite a number of very unwifely acts are set down to her account. Altogether she was anything but a model of conjugal tenderness and forbearance. But of late Mrs. Socrates has not wanted defenders, who find excuses for her irascible temper and terrible tongue in the shortcomings of her homely and hectoring husband. Doubtless Mrs. Socrates can make a strong plea on this point, and she is entitled to all the exoneration that circumstances can give her conduct. But that does not excuse everything. The man who leaves his wife and children with nothing to eat while he lounges in the market-place, cracks jokes with loafers, and tells women of the town how to preserve their beauty and keep their friends, deserves a talking to if not a taking down; but we question whether a tub of soap-suds poured on his harmless head is calculated to win back his lost affections or to convince him that his home is elysium. The old scapegrace ought to have been dealt with, but Mrs. Socrates was anything but shrewd.

The fact is, here was a pair of incompatibles. Xanthippe represents the Greek woman of her time. She was an ignorant, untrained housewife, with no taste nor aptness for art, literature, music, and society. Such things formed no part of woman's training. They did not enter into the plan of a woman's life. She was looked upon as simply housewife, the manager of the household, the mother and nurse of children, the mistress of slaves. To be frugal, industrious, docile, a good manager, and always obedient to her husband was the sum total of a woman's virtues. To dress and act and live so as never to be mentioned, Pericles said, was the highest compliment a woman could have. But in the time of Socrates there was a great number of cultivated, thoughtful men, poets, philosophers, artists, talkers, men of affairs. How could these men, whose days were spent in politics, in the discussion of the great problems of philosophy, in the company of the very subtlest minds the world has ever produced, have much real affection for such woman as we have described, or take much pleasure in their society! The idea of much domestic happiness under such circumstances is simply preposterous. We are not in the least surprised that a class of brilliant and cultivated women of whom Aspasia was the head, appeared in Athens, and had a vast influence upon its citizens and the destinies of Greece.

And the self-same thing in some form must always be, until men and women are treated as equals, and educated together for a life whose great duties, responsibilities, interests, ambitions, and prizes are open to both alike. We shall never get rid of Mrs. Socrates on the one hand, and Theonote on the other, until man and woman stand side by side on equal ground in the household, the college, the market, the professions, and the government, with one law, one interest, one duty, and one hope pressing equally upon both as the equal children of one Father and heir of one promise.

A COMING STORM.

Joaquin Miller, the new California poet whose volume has elicited the highest praise from authors and critics in England, has a power of statement which, for vivid picturesqueness and intensity of feeling, resembles Byron. There is remarkable freshness and force in the following delineation of a coming storm; and in reading it one feels the darkness as well as the terror:

"I lay in my hammock; the air was heavy
And hot and threatening; the very heaven
Was holding its breath; and bees in a bevy
Hid under my thatch; and birds were driven
In clouds to the rocks in a hurried whirr,
As I peer'd down by the path for her;
She stood like a bronze bent over the river,
The proud eyes fixed, the passion unspoken,
When the heavens like a great dyke broken;
Then ere I fairly had time to give her
A shout of warning, a rushing of wind
And the rolling of clouds with a deafening din,
And a darkness that had been black to the blind,
Came down as I shouted, 'Come in! come in!
Come under the roof, come up from the river,
As up from the grave—come now or come never!'
The tassell'd tops of the pines were as weeds,
The red woods rock'd like to lake-side reeds,
And the world seem'd darken'd and drown'd for ever."

"FIAT JUSTITIA, RUAT CŒLUM."

BY JOHN B. WILEY.

Down, down went the system that dared to proclaim
Human bondage the chief corner-stone of a nation;
Fling aloft the proud banner in Liberty's name!
Full freedom for all is our country's salvation.

Then answer the call, and give suffrage to all,
"Let justice be done though the heavens should fall,"
And the star spangled banner in glory shall wave,
O'er the chosen republic which Woman shall save.

Give children an abundance of out-door exercise, fun, and frolic; make them regular in their habits, and feed them only upon plain, nourishing food, and they will seldom, if ever, complain of a lack of appetite. If they have no appetites, encourage, and, if need be, command them to take exercise in the open air.

A woof of mind runs through the web of animal organization.

Notes About Women.

—Phœbe Cary died at Newport, on Monday evening.

—The Professor of Elocution at Brown University is a lady.

—Two hundred and fifty young women are studying medicine in London.

—George Sand is dangerously ill, and doubts are entertained of her recovery.

—Nine-tenths of all the school teachers in Massachusetts are women.

—One half the depositors in the Boston savings banks are women.

—Mrs. Richard Wardell, of Westport, Me., cut and corded thirty cords of wood last winter.

—Burdett Coutts recently presented $16,000 for division among the clerks in the banking firm with which she is associated.

—A young woman has been appointed watch at the bridge over the Neuse river, near Goldsboro, N. C.

—At the death-bed of Mrs. Knight, of Salem, Ind., stood five sons, all of whom were grandfathers.

—Ex-Governor Bullock, of Massachusetts, has given $5000 to endow a scholarship in Amherst College for the coming woman.

—As young lady physicians increase, it is remarked that young men become more sickly. Perhaps some of our readers may perceive the connection between the two facts.

—Miss Anna Dickinson is at Light-house cottage, Atlantic City, seemingly intent on recuperating for the next winter's arduous calls on her time and voice.

—Gov. Claflin, of Massachusetts, has reappointed Miss Hannah B. Chickering, of Dedham, a member of the Advisory Board of Overseers of Prisons for women.

—Mrs. Jesse Hamilton, of Poland, Ohio, has commenced a suit against Mr. Sparrow, hotel keeper, for $10,000 damages, caused by the sale of whisky to her husband.

—The Wesleyan University at Hartford, Conn., is not prohibited by its charter from admitting young women. So much the worse for it, then, if it does not admit them.

—There are sixty-eight recognized women preachers in the pulpits of the United States, and any number of women preachers out of the pulpits.

—Mrs. Bloomer, one of the originators of the woman's rights movement, and the inventor of a style of dress which has failed to become fashionable, resides in Council Bluffs, Iowa.

—According to a London society paper, dark hair, so long neglected and despised, is again in the ascendant. The blonde is gradually resuming her place side by side, not above, the brunette.

—A heavy tie was found on the track, a short distance below Attica, on Thursday, by two ladies, Mrs. Lyon and Mrs. Bowen, who succeeded in removing it just before the arrival of the passenger train.

—Miss Helen Freeman, of Iowa City, stood at the head of her class, at the University of Notre Dame, South Bend, Ind., and received the gold cross conferred by that university upon those who are thus fortunate.

—Among the young ladies who took the white vail recently at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Chicago, were Miss Katie Fay, of New York, and Miss Mary Frances Rodgers, niece of the Messrs. Knapp, of the St. Louis *Republican*.

—A Rochester Court has decided that a husband is bound to pay for his wife's liquor, even though it is furnished against his positive orders. Wherein the woman has the man at decided disadvantage, and the beauty of our laws are made manifest.

—The influence of a brave, true hearted woman, like crystal waters swelling up from living fountains, floats along the current of time, purifying and invigorating human society, and bringing joy and gladness to the heart of many a weary way-worn traveler.

—Mrs. J. F. Cleveland, sister of Horace Greeley, has been spending a year in Munich, with her two accomplished daughters, but in poor health. While abroad the Misses Cleveland corresponded for the *Globe*, the *Mail*, *Harper's Bazar*, and other journals.

—A woman in Oxford county, Me., eighty-two years old, has given $800, her whole savings for four years, towards building a church. How many men are willing to give as much as that? How many churches would be built but for woman's zeal and sacrifice?

—The accomplished Princess Helena Ghika, known to the world of letters as Dora d'Istria, has been made a full citizen of Greece by the Athenian Parliament, in consideration of her distinguished services to literature. The same honor was conferred by the little kingdom on Byron.

—John G. Saxe has been at Saratoga eighteen summers, and says women have neither originality, inventive genius, nor beauty. Probably those *he* meets there have neither of these qualities. His judgment indicates the company he keeps. A fashionable watering-place is the last place where a sensible man would look for wit, originality, or genius.

—Some Insurance Companies refuse to issue policies for women on the ground that when an alarm of fire is raised on a railroad-car or steamboat, the ladies are so much terrified that accidents are almost sure to follow. Statistics show that losses from this class of accidents are far in excess of the whole amount of premiums paid for insuring women.

—Mrs. J. D. Lander has had a very successful season in San Francisco. The total receipts for the eighteen nights were $19,800, being an average of $1,100 per night. Mrs. Lander's share was $5,600, she dividing the gross receipts of the house after allowing the deduction by the management of $533.33 for expenses. We are glad to record this success of an accomplished American actress.

—It is reported that Secretary Robeson is engaged to the accomplished widow of the late Commodore Aulick. Mrs. Aulick is one of the most attractive ladies in Washington society. She is between thirty and forty, and has a sprinkle of gray in her hair, but her face is still youthful and rosy. She is a good musician and singer, and is universally acknowledged to be very witty. Being brilliant, well educated, fascinating, beautiful, witty, and sarcastic, she is petted, feared, and flattered, and the Secretary is unanimously voted a lucky man.

—Prof. Felton once read "'A Midsummer Night's Dream" to the captain of the ship of which he was a passenger. When he came to the description of Oberon sitting on a promontory, listening to a mermaid on a dolphin's back, the seaman was disgusted. "The dolphin's back," said he, "is as sharp as a razor, and no mermaid could possibly ride the beast unless she first saddled him!"

—Sophia Cornwall, a little girl ten years of age, of Milford, Conn., recently discovered on the track of the New York and New Haven railroad some stones placed on each of the rails, for the purpose of throwing the cars from the track. Although the train was approaching, she removed the obstructions, and the engineer stopped the train, thanked the little girl for her courage, and offered her a bank note, which she would not accept.

—A young lady at Crawfordsville, Ind., was some months since ruined by her music teacher. At the request of the young man to whom she was engaged to be married, she went to the Home for the Friendless, at Indianapolis, and waited for him to make her his wife, which he did a few days ago after finishing his theological studies. That young man's love is of the heroic type, and whether he knows much of theology or not, he certainly knows a good deal of gospel, and has preached it better by his act than he ever will by his voice.

—A woman in Cleveland, Ohio, was recently driving a market wagon, and the horses ran away. As soon as the woman saw that the horse was determined upon a run she got off the seat, sat in the bottom of the wagon, and bracing herself, kept the horse from the sidewalk, on which he seemed bound to go, and by main strength compelled the animal to stop. Her presence of mind and courage doubtless prevented the injury if not the death of one or more persons. Perhaps it would have been more genteel for her to shriek, but it was heroic and humane to hold on.

—The first thing that rushes to the recollection of a soldier or a sailor in his heart's difficulty is his mother. She clings to his memory and affection in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardihood induced by a roving life. The last message he leaves is for her; his last whisper breathes her name. The mother, as she instills the lesson of piety and filial obligation in the heart of her infant son, should always feel that her labor is not in vain. She may drop into the grave, but she has left behind her influences that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped, and will do its office.

—The Prince of Wales utterly refuses to receive his sister's husband as a member of the royal family, and at the state ball, recently, gave orders that the marquis should not be admitted at the royal entrance. He was accordingly refused admittance, and the princess declined to enter except with her husband, saying that her place was where he was. The marquis would not take the princess in by the general public entrance, and the result was that they did not attend the ball. This shows the stupidity of the Prince, whose prospects of ever being anything more grow smaller every day, and the true womanly spirit of Mrs. Lorne.

—A gentleman one day indiscreetly asked a lady how old she was. "Let me see. I was eighteen when I was married, and my husband was thirty; now he is twice thirty, and that is sixty; so, of course, I am twice eighteen, that is thirty-six." He escaped in a better condition than a certain divinity student of our acquaintance, who remarked to a dignified matron who sat by his side at the table where there was quite a party, "You have preserved your vigor and freshness wonderfully, madam. Pray how old are you?" "Old enough to know what belongs to good breeding," was her courteous but cutting reply.

—The Queen of England has the snug little private fortune of fifteen millions. The princess Louise received a hundred and fifty thousand under the former head and gets thirty thousand under the latter. The rest of the royal family have corresponding provision made for them. The nation pays three millions a year for the support of royalty, and exercises the truly British privilege of grumbling while it pays the bills. But Parliament was lately startled by a question looking toward a reduction of expenses in this direction. There is a growing conviction that royalty does not pay, and an increasing number of women who are competent to rule would have no objections to trying their hand at the business.

—Mrs. Margaret Winchester, well known as a zealous advocate of the rights of women, and who has done much to aid in their elevation and enfranchisement, proposes to establish a "Home for Women," and in conjunction with other benevolent ladies to place the institution upon a sure and successful basis. She is a moving spirit in all reform measures, and will not fail in this effort. Mrs. Winchester has long been connected with the Women's Medical College, and for many years has devoted her entire time to the amelioration of the condition of many of her sex. She is a lady of great wealth and boundless hospitality, and at her elegant home has welcomed, at times, the principal men and women of the nation.

—The *Herald of Health* says a nurse should be able to read writing and to write fit for reading. She ought also to have all her five senses in a healthy, active condition—sight, hearing, feeling, smell, taste. Sight, that she may be able to read directions, or read aloud to the patient, and watch the change of countenance A quick-sighted nurse will not need to wait till the sufferer has asked for anything in words. She will, from the motion of an eye, or the lips, or a finger, see in a moment what is wanted. Hearing, that she may catch the faintest whisper, and not oblige a weak patient to exert the voice and repeat every request. Feeling, that she may detect any change in heat or dryness in the skin of the patient, and not to use any application which will either scald with heat or cause a chill with cold. Smell, that she may detect the least impurity in the atmosphere in the room. Taste, that she may not offer food unfit to be used, or good in itself, but cooked in such a way as to be disgusting to the patient. Now, if she possesses these qualities, she will very soon, with a little instruction, be able to do the patient more good than the doctor can.

—The widow of Professor De Meyan, of University College, London, is preparing a memoir of her late husband, and asks for all lgtters and reminiscences that may add to its interest.

—Mrs. F. E. W. Harper, who is now engaged in an extended lecturing tour throughout the South, writing from Mobile, Alabama, describes the manner in which the old plantation of Jefferson Davis is now cultivated by a former slave of his brother, Mr. Montgomery. The entire plantation contains five or six thousand acres of land. Every member of the family is contributing his or her quota to the success of the experiment of a colored man both trading and farming on such an extensive scale. Last year his wife took on her own hands about 130 acres of land, and with her force she raised 107 bales of cotton. She has a number of orphan children employed, and not only does she supervise their labor, but she works herself. One daughter, an intelligent young lady, is post-mistress and assistant bookkeeper. One son attends to the planting interest, and another daughter attends to one of the stores.

—Madame Schwartz, the Swedish novelist whose books are coming into favor in this country, is fifty-two years old, and was born in a country town where her father was a merchant, but died when she was a child. She was well instructed, and while quite young went to Stockholm to devote herself to the art of painting; there she married, in 1839, the celebrated physiologist, Professor Schwartz. He was opposed to her artistic occupation, and long refused to allow his wife to come before the public as an author. Thus her first novel, the "Preface," appeared in Stockholm, 1854, under the initials, "M. S. S." After the death of her husband (1858) she devoted her time entirely to literary productions, and has shown since that period a truly remarkable productiveness. Her novels have been published, simultaneously, in several German translations. Since 1867, her works appeared first in German, in the library of modern romances of foreign countries (Berlin), and two years later in Swedish.

—Justin McCarthy heard Jenny Lind try to sing Goldschmidt's sacred pastoral, Ruth, in London, and was greatly disappointed. "There was a brilliant house resolute to be pleased. Jenny Lind had a grand reception, the cordiality of which was undoubtedly enhanced by the general desire to mark a sense of indignation at the wanton and cruel calumnies which lately assailed herself and her husband. But it was a heavy and mournful business. 'Can that be Jenny Lind?' some of the younger listeners whispered. That heavy, homely matron—that striving singer with the worn-out voice which struggles so painfully with the high notes and is so hoarse with the low? What was the Picolomini mania, the Patti mania, the Nilsson mania, when compared with the madness for Jenny Lind? And now what remains? Nothing, it seems to me, except knowledge of music and artistic purpose. No fancies, no art, could do anything with that wrecked and faded voice. Nothing hinted to me of the Jenny Lind of fame." It is too bad that such a sweet singer should grow old, but the strings of the finest harp must wear out at last. We remember what she was, and are grateful.

—The Chicago *Tribune* thinks "it would be a curious problem for a woman to find out from mankind what is really expected of her. Man adores helplessness, and says it ruins him. He talks about economy, and raves over spendthrifts. He decrys frivolity, and runs away from brains. He pines after his grandmother, who could make pies, and falls in love with white hands that can't. He moans over weakness, and ridicules strength. He condemns fashion theoretically, and the lack of it practically. He longs for sensible women, and passes them by on the other side. He worships saints, and sends them to convents. He despises pink and white women, and marries them if he can. He abuses silks and laces, and takes them into his heart. He glorifies spirit and independence, and gives a cruel thrust at the little vines that want to be oaks." We can only add our surmise that she is expected to be found fault with and adored; courted, married, quarrelled with, deserted, divorced; played with and plagued, and only really venerated when she becomes a mother and goes to heaven.

—Mrs. Celia Burleigh occupied the pulpit of Rev. Mr. Clarke, last Sunday week. He gives the following discriminating but highly complimentary notice of her first pulpit effort, in the *Golden Age*, of which he is one of the editors, and which we are happy to say confirms the estimate and expresses the hopes of her many friends: "It is pleasant to see the right person in the right place; and that unusual pleasure was ours on Sunday as we listened to Mrs. Celia Burleigh who preached, for the first time, in Unity Chapel in this city. Her effort was a complete success in every best sense of the term. Her bearing and manner, the tones of her voice, the quality of her thought, and the spirit which pervaded and intoned all she said were peculiarly winsome and impressive, and mark her as belonging to the pulpit by that election of faculty and call of experience and moral attraction which every discerning mind recognizes as authoritative. It has never been our fortune to hear a woman whose chastened and reverent air, refined and dignified aspect, simple but impressive utterance, and carefully elaborated and wealthy discourse so filled the pulpit and harmonized with the idea and spirit of a religious service as on this occasion. Mrs. Burleigh's sermon was finely written, abounding in passages of striking beauty and memorable terseness of statement. It was a piece of thinking from beginning to end, without a particle of gush, or mere sentimentality, or declamatory rant; and what is more remarkable, without superfluous words. It was saturated with experience and steeped in the very life of a woman's discipline; yet the experience was taken up into thought, interpreted and set forth in such a way as to explain kindred experience in other lives and make the wondrous order of the world seem clearer and more benignant. Two or three of her statements were perhaps open to criticism, and perhaps one point of her argument needed a stronger statement; but as a whole, her discourse would have done credit to almost any preacher that we know of. Mrs. Burleigh has engaged to preach at Brooklyn, Conn., during August, and we trust will find the ministry a congenial and profitable field of labor. She has our heartiest best wishes in her work."

Contributions.

THE WHITE SUN-BONNET.

BY LAURA CURTIS BULLARD.

Barrington was a pleasant country village. It possessed the usual number of thriving stores, quiet churches, and pretty dwellings, also the usual variety of inhabitants. There were the lawyers, the two doctors, the three ministers, and several merchants, who, with their respective families, composed "the best society" of the place. There were also those who strove to get within this charmed circle, and those who pretended to despise it; those, too, who, without these pretensions, were indifferent to a call from the wives of the doctors or lawyers, though, it must be confessed, they were but few.

In fact, Barrington differed from most country villages in but one particular, namely, in being the dwelling place of a witch; not one of those most bewitching of witches which Whittier describes as

> "Young and gay and laughing creatures,
> With the hearts sunshine on their features;"

but a bony, skinny, and fierce-looking old woman, who would have beaten Xanthippe herself, with her most powerful weapon—the tongue.

This old witch-woman lived in a log cottage in the woods, at a little distance from the village. It was a pleasant place where she lived, near a quiet lake, and surrounded by fine old trees, but the path that led to it was shunned by all. The children never took that road in their merry rambles, and her only visitors were some of the bolder girls, whose eager desire for a glance into futurity led them to old Granny Morgan's cottage; for she was supposed to possess the gift of second sight. But even the boldest of the village maidens trembled a little on going to consult her, for she would never allow two to be admitted to her presence at once. She who wished to peep into the future must come alone, and must take an oath of secrecy before hearing her destiny; and the stern and wrinkled old woman, dressed in her quaint and striking costume, well knew how to invest her proceedings with sufficient mystery and solemnity to overawe her timid listeners. Old Granny Morgan well knew the reputation of witchcraft which she had gained; it afforded her a grim delight, and she spared no pains to retain her title. A shrewd and unscrupulous woman, she easily succeeded in making herself both feared and hated, and this seemed to be the end of her ambition. She, in turn, hated all mankind. She had but one pet, and that a huge cat, which shared her reputation as being her familiar spirit, and being both wild and savage, seemed at least congenial to its mistress in character.

Vague reports of strange doings at the old cottage were often in circulation, of lurid lights at unseasonable hours, and of horrid sights, which, though only vaguely hinted at, were sufficiently appalling to indispose the eager young listeners to go into dark rooms at night, or to venture towards the cottage by day.

It had been said of late that the old witch had another inmate in her family; that a child had been seen there, and various were the speculations as to who and what she was, how she came into the old woman's power, and a thousand similar wonders, which were destined to remain unexplained. The schoolchildren talked of and pitied the poor child, and the readers of fairy tales insisted that she must be an enchanted princess, who had in some way fallen into the terrible clutches of the old woman. They longed to see her and question her, but this was no easy task; the boldest never dreamed of going to the cottage, and she never came to the village. It had ceased to be the topic of conversation, when one day, as the class in reading were standing in a line before their teacher, pretty Miss Rice, in the old brown school-house, suddenly a slight figure appeared in the open door—a little girl dressed in a fantastic crimson dress, her fair shoulders veiled in her long curling red hair, and her bright eyes peering curiously around. She held in her hand a white sun-bonnet, which she swung carelessly as she leaned against the door, while a great cat rubbed lazily against her feet.

"Come in, little girl," said the pleasant voice of Miss Rice; but the child started and ran swiftly away, followed by the cat, which scampered after.

It was the witch's little victim, no doubt, and this glimpse of her only excited greater curiosity to know more of her. Before many days the same vision re-appeared; no one spoke to her, and she stayed longer, looking on curiously. Her visits became more frequent and longer. She was always accompanied by the cat, and departed abruptly as the fit took her.

At last she lingered even after school was dismissed. This time Miss Rice spoke to her.

"Wouldn't you like to come to school?" she said. The child shook off the teacher's hand which rested on her curls, and made no reply. Miss Rice repeated the question.

"What for?" was the answer, rather shortly spoken.

"To learn to read beautiful stories, and a great many things about the world we live in."

The child twisted the sun-bonnet, which she carried as usual in her hand, but said nothing.

"What is your name?" asked Miss Rice.

No reply.

Miss Rice supposed her shy.

"What did you say it was?" she repeated kindly.

"I didn't tell you," retorted the child with a look in her eyes that betokened anything but shyness, and she sprang to the door and tripped away in her usual rapid fashion.

The children grouped together, looked after the wild little thing as she stood in the attitude of flight under a tree at a little distance, looking back towards them.

"What a queer little puss she is!" said Walter Manning, the lawyer's son, a fine-looking boy of fifteen years of age. "I'll go and make her talk," he continued, starting after her.

She saw his intention, waited till he came quite near her, then with a wild shout sprang off with the speed of an arrow. Nothing daunted, he followed.

They were now far from the school-house. Some of the other children had followed at first, but weary of the pursuit had gone back. No other persons were in sight but the slight figure of the girl and the agile and vigorous boy.

She was evidently growing tired; he redoubled his speed, reached her, and laid his hand on her shoulder. Quick as thought she bit it.

"Stop that!" he exclaimed, angrily, seizing her firmly. "Sit down on the side of the road now."

She looked at him fixedly; his eyes were flashing, his tone imperious and determined. She hesitated an instant, but obeyed.

"What's your name?" he exclaimed flinging himself down by her side.

"The children call me White Sun-bonnet," she answered. "Why don't you? It's a good enough name."

"What is your name? Tell me this instant."

"Ruby," replied she, gently, for his manner awed her. Had he spoken mildly she would not have replied.

"Where do you live?"

"In the witch's cottage."

"Where did you use to live?"

"I don't know."

"Where is your mother?"

"I don't know."

Walter found that he was not likely to progress much in his catechism on the past, so he began on the present.

"Does the old witch make you work?"

"No; she can't!" said Miss Ruby, with a toss of the head.

"Are you afraid of her?"

"No."

"Don't you work any?"

"Yes, if I choose; I do what I have a mind to."

"Why don't you come to school?"

"I don't want to."

"But you ought to go to school."

"I don't care."

"And you shall go to school, Miss Ruby."

Ruby made no reply in words, but her flashing eyes spoke volumes.

"Aren't you sorry you bit my hand?" he asked.

"No,"

"Well, you ought to be; you shall give me a kiss to pay for it," and he bent towards her.

She sprang to her feet and out of his reach in an instant.

"On second thought," said Walter, "you shan't. I won't have a red-headed girl kiss me. I only kiss girls that I like."

She approached a little nearer.

"Don't come near me," said he.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid; I shan't kiss you," said Ruby, "but I am sorry I bit you."

"Well, then, will you go to school?"

"I guess so."

"To-morrow?" he persisted.

"If you will come for me."

"I will," replied Walter, as he walked on with her, talking of all sorts of things in his frank, whimsical way.

"Now, good-bye, Ruby," he said at parting. "I shall like you very much. Shan't you like me, too?"

"We shall see," she replied, gravely, as she turned away.

The next morning saw Ruby at school, and though she was universally pronounced odd, she entered upon her studies with ardor. She did not seem, as days passed on, to become attached to the gentle teacher, who was idolized by her pupils. She appeared to care for no one except Walter Manning. To him she was devoted; his will was her law; at his im

perious words she never took offence, though she resented the least exercise of authority in others. Walter, too, returned her affection. He assisted her in her studies, walked with her, played with her—in short, was her constant companion. So, two years passed on. Ruby had grown to be quite tall, and possessed much grace, but no one could call her beautiful. Walter, on the contrary, was remarkably handsome. He knew it, and knew, also, that he was a fine scholar; but his self-conceit, though evident, was not disgusting. He was liked by everyone, and was the pride of both father and mother.

His father decided that he was to be a lawyer, of course. His mother predicted that he would be a Senator some day, at least; but he had far different plans—he had confided these to Ruby; he had shown her his sketches, his paintings, and talked to her of his future life—the artist life that he was to lead. He had imparted to her his glorious visions of fame, and she had listened to him with full appreciation of his thoughts—had cheered him, and believed even more firmly than he in his coming greatness.

To no one had he so fully disclosed his inmost soul as to Ruby. With her he had read the lives of the artists, the great masters whom he hoped one day to be numbered among; with her he had read his favorite poets; with her he had thought aloud, sure of being understood. No wonder that he loved her and sought her society; no wonder that Ruby loved him in return.

His lady-mother had not heard this growing intimacy while they were children; but now Walter was going to college, and Ruby would soon be a young woman, this must be stopped; and while the two friends were walking in the forest, the one talking and the other listening, with her soul in her eyes, Mrs. Manning, dressed in silks and laces, that she might overawe this bold girl with her splendor, went to the witch's cottage.

She found only Granny Morgan, who listened to her carefully chosen words with disdain, and the fine lady drew a long sigh of relief as, somewhat humbled, she left the cottage. She had been gone some time when Ruby entered; but Granny Morgan told her all, doing full justice to the haughty words of the lawyer's wife. Ruby listened with undisguised anger. Her eyes flashed fire. She could hardly wait for Walter's coming, to do—she hardly knew what—something to avenge the insult she had received; but his presence always calmed her, and when he came she walked silently by his side to the lake. He read in her eyes that all was not right, for he knew her well.

"What is it?" he said, throwing himself at her feet.

"Your mother has honored the witch's cottage with a visit," she replied, with heightened color.

"I know it," returned Walter, coolly.

"Do you know why she came?" asked Ruby.

"I can guess," he replied.

"Then you know that she came to insult me—to tell me that I was not a fit companion for you—to command me never to have any further intercourse or communication with you. She to command me! I hate her! She is the most——."

"Stop, Ruby!" exclaimed Walter, in a tone that she dared not brave. "She is my mother, and a good mother to me, and what she says of you is true, Ruby. You are not beautiful, for who ever heard of a beauty with red hair and gray eyes? and you have both, and you have got an awful temper. She is right in that, but after all," he continued, "I do love you better than all the beauties in the world, and though I love my mother in two things, I shall not submit to her, for she has no right to require it. I shall not be a lawyer, but an artist; and I shall marry nobody but you, my bright gem, my beautiful Ruby."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FOURTH AND ITS QUESTIONS.

BY LEWISE.

Out here in the "Garden of the West," celebrations of Independence day have been conducted on a grand scale. Whether they exceed in largeness of gatherings and variety of amusements those of any preceding Fourth, and if so, why? are *not* the questions that interest me.

But as a woman, deeply interested in the development and elevation of my sisterhood, I search the records of addresses delivered by "eminent men" upon that one day of the year devoted to a national jubilee.

Through long columns of fine type, forgetting, occasionally, the object of my search in patriotic, eloquent, and well rounded periods, but remembering and renewing it again as I stumble over some glaring absurdity and evident contradiction—through whole pages of this trying newspaper print I labor, and seek in vain for any recognition of woman's right to equality before the law, or *her* inalienable right to life, *liberty*, and the pursuit of happiness.

In some of the orations the existence of woman is entirely ignored (which is quite as well under the circumstances, and less aggravating); only man's equality, man's happiness, man's glory, and his right to self-government, are considered. Why, a stranger from another (if a better) sphere, would suppose this to be a nation of *men* exclusively—black, brown, and white, debased, ignorant, and educated, all in one confused jumble—a mass of *man*kind, claiming and *securing* equality for *themselves*, and would never imagine *woman* to be a human being, a citizen, with a soul as immortal as man's. She would appear to such a celestial visitant as a sort of upper servant,

> "A little better than his horse,
> A little dearer than his dog;"

created expressly to minister to man's happiness and glory, and freedom. Denied all right of self-government, what other rank could she take in the unbiased judgment of a disinterested observer?

The address of Hon. Thomas Hogue, of La Salle, Ill., occupies three entire lengthy columns of this small type in the Chicago *Tribune*. There appears to be more material in it than in any half-dozen of the others put together; but he does not *once* mention woman, for which he has our thanks. If he is not sufficiently advanced in the world's progress to say what might have been said on such "a great and glorious occasion," it was in far better taste to have been, as he was, silent altogether in regard to woman. If he chose to neglect so magnificent an opportunity for earning the praise and gratitude of the present, as well as future generations, that is his own loss and risk. He has, at least, escaped the ignominy of saying silly and unjust, even if gallant things of her, and has spared himself the trouble of giving her uncalled-for advice.

Do I hear it said that woman is free, and has a right to her earnings? There is no mother or wife in the land not inheriting property in her own right, who, though she may have labored faithfully for fifty years, jointly with her husband, to bring up a family and earn an estate, and funds for support, that upon her death-bed has any legal right to give or will one dollar of those funds, or any portion of that estate, even to a dependent and invalid daughter; and such a state of serfdom, we are told on this 4th day of July, 1871, is "universal liberty—is the realization of the great truth that government exists by the consent of the governed."

Having seen my own mother and mother-in-law, as faithful, good, and noble women as ever lived, go down to their graves with their rights unprotected, and their persons unrespected, except as that of any upper servant might be, (and not that, either; for such an one would have had the right to the disposal of her accumulated wages,) and their places, not filled—but taken by other and much younger women, who squander their hard-earned substance, and defraud their children of their just inheritance, am I to keep silent? I should be more stupid than an idiot, and baser than an ingrate; even the very stones would cry out, and the dead rise from their graves, were I to hold my peace.

The honorable gentleman touches upon the irrepressible conflict, and the system of human bondage, and says of the latter that "it had neither support in the spirit of the age or the great charter of human rights."

Very truly, nor has it yet in the form of female subjection; and I would ask, in his own words, "Why so many great statesmen hesitate in placing themselves on the high vantage ground of being the great leaders of the new movement?"

He defends the fifteenth amendment ably, and then asks, "Are there any more problems, the solution of which, as a people, we do not understand?" In reply, he quotes Greeley before the Lincoln Club, who quoted to his audience that grand, old injunction of the Bible, "Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward." Greeley also "trusts that we are entering upon a new departure, not for one party, but for the *whole country*." These men—these non-advocates of woman suffrage—are doing the work of the Lord in spite of themselves. The Hon. Hogue admits that the question of whether we "ought to go forward is not open to controversy." But he is no admirer of Greeley, and thinks he should undoubtedly differ from him in regard to methods; but of what moment to woman is the question of tariff, or labor reform, or civil service, or the centralization of government, or the claims of monopolies, or any of the separate petty public interests, compared to her freedom as a human being, with as many and the same rights as any other immortal soul, and her equality before that law which now tries her without a jury of her peers, condemns her, unadvocated by any who can understand her, and hangs her for the same folly and insanity which it sees fit to give bail for and pardon in man.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general warfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3093, New York City. Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, AUG. 3, 1871.

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MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

It is a pretty generally received opinion that men and women of genius are almost invariably unfortunate in their matrimonial relations. It may be doubted whether this opinion is sustained by fact; very possibly the proportion of unhappy marriages among this class is no greater than among common-place people; but the conspicuous position which these distinguished persons occupy, gives a prominence and publicity to their domestic infelicities, which equally unhappy, but more insignificant, mortals escape.

If instances of exceptionally unhappy marriages are not rare in the ranks of celebrated artists, authors, and savans, neither are there wanting many instances of exceptionally happy marriages among them.

Not to go back into the past for proofs of this fact; our own time furnishes many such examples of conjugal felicity.

The happy marriages of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Mill, Mr. and Mrs. Browning, William and Mary Howitt, and Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, are a few cases in point which most readily suggest themselves; and they are striking illustrations of Stuart Mill's theory, that not only mutual affection and community of interests are necessary to bind a husband and wife in sweet and vital union, but community of tastes and opinions are links still more essential to strengthen the chain of wedlock.

If the multitudes of wretched men and women, whom one encounters everywhere, chafing under the matrimonial shackles with which they have fettered themselves—slaves cursing the life-long bondage from which there is no escape, would almost make one lose faith in the value of the institution of marriage itself—a visit to such a home as that of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, and the sight of such a happy congenial husband and wife, gives one a new sense of the beauty and sacredness of the marriage tie—that holy and blessed relation which God gave to man as his crowning blessing, but which man has so distorted as to make it too often his meanest curse.

The lives of Mr. and Mrs. Hall have been devoted to art and literature, and both are as well known and as great favorites in America as in the old world; and so much do both of them prize their trans-atlantic popularity, that neither would sign the memorial which was at one time drawn up by European authors as an attempt at securing an international copyright.

"The American system of publishing books at low prices is a good one," said Mrs. Hall to us, "and the reputation and appreciation which the system has won for me in your country, is a reward which I prize far more than any large pecuniary return for my literary work. I prefer less money and more readers."

The world is indebted to Mr. Hall for his wife's matchless sketches of Irish life.

Being, herself, of Irish nationality, she possessed as her birthright a fluent tongue, a keen sense of humor, and a vivid appreciation of the wit of others, and of the salient peculiarities of the race among whom her early years had been spent. After her marriage to her English husband, and her removal to his English home, Mrs. Hall often used to repeat the droll scenes which she had witnessed, and describe the eccentric people whom she had known in her Irish home, to the great delight and amusement of her English auditors.

"Why do you not write out some of these stories which you tell so well?" said her husband to her one day; and after repeated persuasions on his part, Mrs. Hall at last, though she had never so much as dreamed of writing anything for publication, did make the attempt to tell one of her stories with the pen. Her husband revised, corrected, and published it in the *Art Journal*, of which he was then, as he is still, the able editor.

As he had anticipated, the sketch was as charming to its many readers as it had been to its few listeners, and from that time Mrs. Hall became a contributor to the columns of the *Art Journal*. Her husband continued, and still continues to take the drudgery of literary composition off his wife's hands. She never so much as sees her own proof sheets, and as a result, she does not always recognize her own compositions.

An amusing instance of this sort occurred to her once on a railway journey. At the station she bought several books and papers to beguile the tedium of the route, and after reading one of the pamphlets, she gave it to her husband, saying, "There is a capital Irish story in this." He read it and replied, "That is *modest*, to say the least. You have given me one of your own stories with this high recommendation."

And, although, at first she thought he was joking her, she at last found that this was actually one of her own forgotten compositions.

Mrs. Hall is a tall, stately, and handsome woman of sixty. Her manners are dignified but gracious, and there is a geniality and heartiness about her that is most attractive. Her Wednesday afternoon receptions are delightful, for some of the cleverest people in London are to be found there, and all stiffness and formality are banished from these pleasant re-unions.

Mrs. Hall's parlors are filled with all sorts of art treasures; pictures, busts, rare china, rare books and engravings, surround one on all sides; but the host and hostess are so delightful that one cannot give to this interesting collection the attention it merits. The works of two American artists Mr. Hall pointed out to us as especially clever. One, a painting of Bellows, and another, his own portrait in bas-relief, by Miss Margaret Foley, which was a most spirited and excellent likeness.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Hall are ardent spiritualists, but both are strict Trinitarians in faith, and orthodox in creed. Mrs. Hall deplored the fact that the spiritualists of America, as a body, were so heterodox in sentiment.

Mrs. Hall, too, is conservative on the woman question. She wrote recently an article which was extensively copied, in which she was very severe on "the noisy few" who pretended to represent the views and wishes of the silent many women of England on the question of their rights.

But it is to the demand for *suffrage* that she feels so decided an antagonism. She, herself, was the first to advocate, many years since, the entrance of women into the profession of medicine, and she is an enthusiastic partizan of woman's higher education; has, also, a true woman's horror of marriages without love; like all sensible people, she sees that so long as marriage is the only avenue opened for women as a means of support, so long will it be crowded by multitudes who marry not for love, but from motives of pecuniary interest. She would, therefore, have women trained to self-support. But, while she is severe on women thus untrue to themselves in marriage, she has a large charity for hopeless and betrayed sinners of her own sex, and she has given much time and effort and to task of reclaiming such fallen women.

The women who *speak* in public are an offense to her, and it is hard for her to have patience with the advocates of woman's suffrage.

But no matter how much one may differ from her in sentiment on this or any other point, one cannot but admire this frank, noble, generous, large-hearted, and large-brained woman.

It is not surprising that the home of such a woman and such a man as Mr. and Mrs. Hall, should have been for many years, as it still is, a point of magnetic attraction for artists, poets, and celebrities of all sorts.

To this large acquaintance with the distinguished men and women of England, we are indebted for the valuable work which Mr. Hall has recently published—reminiscences of the many authors with whom he has been so intimately associated. These memories are a most valuable contribution to literature, for they give us more vivid and truthful portraits of their subjects than many a lengthy biography could do.

The little incidents and characteristic anecdotes which Mr. Hall relates, individualize the men and women of whom we have thought merely as abstractions, and this acquaintance with the authors lends a new charm to their works.

In this, as in all Mr. Hall's artistic and literary labors, his wife has taken a deep interest, and her contributions in the sketches of Grace Aguilar, Miss Landon, Miss Edgeworth, and others of the sisters of the pen, are not the least valuable portions of this valuable work.

We cannot claim Mrs. Hall as a woman suffragist; but at the risk of shocking her, we must claim her as a truly representative woman's rights woman.

She has not only made her home a delightful one, and been a faithful and sympathetic companion to her husband; but, not content with this, she has done her own individual work in literature, and found time to help those who were less fortunate than herself.

She has the right, which is the key-stone to the whole arch of woman's emancipation, exercised the right of individual development; and for every such woman, whether she be n theory with us or against us, we thank God and take courage.

WOMEN IN LITERATURE.

There is undoubtedly a good deal of groundless complaint of injustice on the part of women who have not won success, not because they are women, but because they have never fairly and fully complied with the conditions on which it is to be achieved. They would have failed as men quite as signally as they have failed as women. The woman who is seized with literary apirations, and writes by the ream for the press, is indignant that her articles and poems invariably go into the waste-basket; she looks upon her treatment as cruel injustice, undoubedly the result of a conspiracy on the part of men to defraud women of their rights and glory. She mistakes ambition for ability, and attributes to others a failure caused by her own incompetency.

As a rule, publishers are too glad to get good articles, stories and poems of a popular character to care whether they are written by man or woman; and often the fact that they are written by women makes publishers more willing to read contributions with a prepossessed and favoring mind. Women who aspire to literature as a profession should disabuse their minds of the notion that there is any conspiracy to put them down because they are women, and strive to win success by honestly earning it. They must write what people will read, and in such a way that the reading will be a pleasure instead of a tax. They must get something valuable to say which no others have said; and they must train themselves to say it in a more attractive, forcible and convincing way than others have ever said it. Success is hedged about with a thicket of conditions, and whoever does not work a way through them by honest and persevering effort must be content to fail.

In this matter of literary success we are glad to see that Col. T. W. Higginson bears the following testimony: "I have been quite closely connected with periodical literature in America for a dozen years, and have never yet seen an instance where any work appeared to be received by editor or publisher, either more or less favorably, because of the sex of its author. I have never known an instance where the compensation paid, or the applause of the public, had apparently, the slighest reference to sex. No doubt, little things go a great way in securing what is called literary success—as personal notoriety or popularity, or a happy hit in respect to title or theme. These things help women as they do men, no less, no more. Neither the inexplicable, successes, or the unaccountable failures ever seem traceable to the fact that the author is a man or woman."

A great many women are trying to earn a livelihood and make a name by writing. Much of their work, we are sorry to say, is very poor; their thoughts are crude, their information small and inexact, and their style inelegant if not incorrect; they have more ambition than ability, and their dreams lack the support of disciplined faculties and valuable information. Many of these women must fail; and many of them will suffer deeply in mind if not in body, in consequence of the failure. But let them remember that men fail in the same way and for the same reasons; and that while now and then a person of small intelligence and less culture wins an ephemeral literary reputation by some lucky accident or happy hit, the real successes in literature are gained only by those who lay the foundation for them by thorough study, tireless training, and a patience that waits for what labor only can bring to pass.

WOMEN IN MEN'S COLLEGES.

It has been said that men generally lose their wits when they begin to talk about women. It would seem from an article in the *Evening Post* of Monday, that this uncomplimentary statement is too true. That paper says that women "want to become Freshmen and Sophomores with the boys, and speak Commencement pieces in swallow-tails, with their hair parted behind." It takes all sorts of women to make a world, and as we do not know what kind of women the editors of the *Post* associate with, we are not prepared to contradict its statement, and say there are no such women as it describes. But we do not know a single woman, interested in having colleges opened to women on equal terms as to men, who wants to speak pieces with the boys at Commencement, in swallow-tails, with her hair parted behind; and we defy the *Post* to bring forward a single respectable and representative woman of the class we mention who has any such desire.

The article goes on to say there are plenty of schools for young women in the country, and the young men are not clamorous to enter them. Why are the women so anxious to finish their education in men's colleges? The question is very easily answered. There are schools enough for young women. But do the editors of the *Post* know of a college for women which is so richly endowed and thoroughly equipped for its purpose that a pupil in it can obtain as complete a training and culture in every respect as at Harvard or even at Amherst? It is the fashion to sneer at women as mere smatterers in knowledge. Their education is superficial. Their culture is all outside. We ask for the same opportunities for a thorough, systematic, complete education as are furnished to young men, that we may escape the suspicion of superficiality and the reproach of unthoroughness. We ask to have our daughters educated with our sons and the young men who are to be their life-companions, in order that their associations may be pure, their manners refined, their habits good, and that each may aid the other in preparing for a life of companionship and mutual service. We insist on having colleges that shall educate not sex but *mind*.

It is true that young men do not care to quit Amherst and go to Holyoke. Suppose Amherst were a woman's college, and Holyoke the best school for young men in the state! Does the *Post* imagine that young men would not clamor for admission to it ten times more than women do for admission to any colleges for men? Has this paper so lost its wits that it cannot see why women ask to have the Universities open to their daughters as well as to their sons? If it will study the meaning of the economic axioms it advocates, it will see that all the women ask is that the principles of free trade shall be applied to education as well as to revenue, and that in the matter of culture, men shall have no monopoly of privileges, no prescriptive rights. Our daughters are as dear to us as our sons, and the country which does not offer to them equal opportunities for culture and discipline with their brothers has its freedom to achieve.

WOMAN'S POWER.

Dr. James McCrie says that, in general, man may be superior in the higher powers of mind and yet, if we estimate on their own merits, the works of Madame de Stael, Lady Morgan, Edgeworth, Hannah More, Martineau, Strickland, Somerville, Stowe, and others, there is no small reason for somewhat modifying this high claim. In the one class there may be more strength, but there is less acuteness—more power for prolonged investigation, but less capability of penetrating motive, and traversing the mazes and delicately tracing the various and ever-varying phases of character. The coquettings of the one class and the gallantries of the other, are alike mean and contemptible; and in either case, but especially in the former, lower character and weaken moral power.

And then as to moral power and noble acts, woman occupies no inferior position in the social system. It needs no elaborate enumeration of facts and evidence to show that the morality of a nation, or of the people of a district of country, rises or falls in no small measure in proportion to the moral worth or moral deterioration in female character. Rousseau has truly said, "Miserable must be the age in which the Empire of woman is lost, and in which the judgments of women are counted as nothing by man. Every people in the ancient world that can be said to have had morals, has respected the sex—Sparta, Germany, Rome. At Rome, the exploits of the victorious generals were honored by the grateful voices of the women; on every calamity, their tears were a public offering to the gods. In either case, their vows and their sorrows were thus consecrated as the most solemn judgments of the State." In reference to Rome, the same writer remarks, "It is to woman that all the great revolutions of the Republic are to be traced. By a woman Rome acquired liberty; by a woman the plebians acquired the consulate; by a woman was finished the decemvirate tyranny; by a woman, when the city was trembling with a vindictive exile at its gate, it was saved from that destruction, which no other influences could avert."

Special Correspondence.

MUSCLE VS. MIND.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

I had an argument the other day, with a clergyman, on the woman question. His strong argument was that women had not muscle enough for citizenship.

He seemed greatly exercised, lest when women vote, being more numerous than men, they will join with a minority of men and carry some measure to which the majority are opposed. *Then* the latter will take up arms to defend their cause. What, then, will the women do? They cannot fight, and must surrender—perhaps after precipitating their friends into war. This he considered an unanswerable argument against women voting; at least, he had never seen it answered.

The thing is so absurd that it would be unworthy of notice, were it not a specimen of the objections to woman's suffrage now afloat in the community. It shows the progress our cause has made when no stronger reasons are adduced against them. If physical weakness incapacitates women for voting, it cuts off all men who are incapable of bearing arms. The way the women of Paris fought, in the late sad struggle, shows that women are not utterly incapable of fighting, if need be.

C. D. G. P.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN INDIANA.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

On the twenty-third and fourth of June, we held our annual State Convention at Bloomington, the seat of the Indiana University. The town contains only two or three thousand inhabitants; but no sooner were the doors opened than a very respectable audience gathered to hear what we had to say for ourselves.

We had no Curtis, nor Beecher, nor even a State senator, to set forth our views; but notwithstanding this drawback, the debates were lively and the interest good. The opposition was frank and gentlemanly, and to the point. It was the general opinion that the cause of woman's suffrage lost nothing, but gained something by the meetings.

The first evening Mrs. Swank explained very clearly, to a large audience in the College Chapel, the aims and hopes of the advocates of woman suffrage, to the great satisfaction of her hearers.

The second evening, the chapel being occupied for college exercises, we held our meeting in the Court House, which was crowded, many being obliged to stand outside the windows and doors for want of room within. The greater part of the evening was occupied by Mrs. Campbell, of Rockville, who made a forcible exhibit of the evils resulting from the want of equilibrium in society—evils which all acknowledge, but which many hope to cure with one panacea or another, without seeking relief in that perfect equality of men and women before the law which we contend for.

After Mrs. Campbell I spoke briefly, and tried to show that hitherto most of the forces of society, such as education, capital, machinery, and organizations have been applied to the labor of production, which has now attained a high degree of development. But every day we are made to feel more and more the want of an organization which shall develop a corresponding knowledge and ability of Use. But I did not have time to make this as plain as I wished. It seems to me that it would be just as reasonable to expect to cross the Atlantic on a ship with the lading all on one side, as to attempt to move forward in any great moral progression with one-half the business of life and its doers existing under one set of laws and regulations, while the other half, the indispensable supplement of the first, exists under different laws, or none at all.

Miss Amanda Wage, of Indianapolis, followed. She is one of the women who has not suffered from modern degeneracy, but is happy in the possession of a powerful frame and voice in proportion. Our new President, Mrs. MacDonald, of Crawvidsville, presided on the last evening. From the known character and ability of this lady we have room to hope that our organization will be maintained with vigor, if not greatly strengthened. The accession of Senator Morton to our ranks will add prestige to the cause in this State, and we trust that Indiana will not be behind her sisters in achieving suffrage for her women, as she certainly has not been in other matters.

Indianapolis, July 20, 1871. MARY JANE OWEN.

THEO. L. CUYLER.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

I suppose some of the readers of the REVOLUTION hear of, if they do not sometimes see, the outpourings of this sloppy parson, which might be worthy of an answer if they contained anything sufficiently substantial to hold in hand long enough to be answered; but this man seems to be incapable of argument. At least, he carefully dispenses with it, and launches into groundless assertion, denunciation and feeble invective whenever he attempts to write in reference to women, and their demands for justice, and equal advantages with men.

Mr. Cuyler seems to be ignorant of the fact that he lives under a government whose chief tenet is, "No taxation without representation;" nor does he seem to realize that the women of the country are taxed to sustain institutions and enforce laws which are unjust and tyrannical to them. If he knows these things, the venom he discharges at the noble women who are seeking the redress of their wrongs, proves that he does not care for them. He professes to be greatly alarmed at the thought of having women burdened with the responsibility of voting and holding office. I wonder if he knows anything of the thousands of women in this land who are toiling year in and out, not only from sun to sun, but deep into the night for bread, to keep the wolf of starvation from devouring them and their little ones? And does this reverend preacher to a rich congregation, with every luxury that wealth can purchase, imagine that the nice fat offices held by some of his masculine friends more laborious or less remunerative to women than their present half-paid toil, or that they are any less competent to discharge official duties than the sleek and lazy men who fill these offices now.

He is terribly shocked at the idea of "introducing the sexual passion as an element in politics." What does the man mean? If he means more than to make use of vulgar catchwords for effect where he has no argument to offer, what can his own heart be made of to suspect the virtue of all other men, and all women too! Is purity so alien to his thoughts that he imagines every woman vile? He pretends to fear that woman's voting would prove a source of corruption and profligacy. What sort of women has he kept company with all his days? Had the man a mother? Does he believe his wife would sell her vote? A pretty preacher of the Gospel this, who blots a whole sex with inky suspicions and imputations, as though woman were by nature a sin!

Such a man is of too little consequence to to notice, except from the very evident fact that he constantly intrudes himself upon the public attention; and the fact that he does up the "piety" of three or four papers leads many to think that he is very good and very wise. The New Testament standard of judging is pretty sound, and the fountain is generally best known by the waters it sends forth. The piety that underlies injustice, and deals in imputations, and insinuates wholesale slanders, and appeals to vulgar prejudice in order to cover a great reform with obloquy and its advocates with disgrace, is not that genuine religion, "pure and undefiled," which thinketh no evil, remembers the widow and fatherless in their afflictions and keeps unspotted from the world. If this exhorter to piety had a little more of this religion, which springs out of a heart full of faith in God and man, and the golden rule, and the two great commandments, he would either speak the truth in love or hold his tongue.

E. D. S.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, July 20, 1871.

Miscellany.

THE LUTE'S REFRAIN.

BY A. ALPHONSE DAYTON.

I touch my lute with gentle hand,
And softly sweep my fingers o'er
The silent strings, until they breathe
A melody of joy once more;
Then with a tender sweet refrain
They thrill, and hush to rest again.

There comes the echo of a song,
A whispered utterance of words,
That glide amid the pulsing strings
Like twilight songs of little birds;
And then, as chime of mystic bells,
Drifts down the evening's quiet dells.

There falls a spell upon my thought,
A silent breath across my heart,
A sadness memory has brought
So deep it makes the tear-drops start;
For all the past comes back to me,
So sad, and yet so tenderly.

And when beneath the early stars,
I touch the silent strings again,
'Tis not with joy they answer back,
But with a plaintive, dying strain;
I feel the dew upon my head,
My lute is hushed, its music fled.

A GOOD NURSE.

James Hinton, in his "Thoughts on Health," strongly advocates nursing as a profession for women, for which they should have a special training. He says she should be a lady in all respects, whose very presence, therefore, is a source of cheerfulness and comfort, and soothes instead of irritating the brain. She will have been trained to regulate all the constantly operating influences of air, tempera-

ture, and light, in the best way that medical science knows how to direct. She will have the best skill in the final preparation and administration of food. She will know every contrivance for securing sleep, and have a trained experience to enable her to adopt the best method for each case.

She will have her perceptions quick, her sensibilities acute, yet well under command, and will have learnt well how to be truthful, open, and honest, with a restless and suspicious patient, to control and support a weak one, to recognize and calm the first commencement of morbid emotion or thought, and ward off, if it can be averted, threatened delirium; or to watch for and develop into sanity again the first gleam of returning reason. Above all, she will not attempt to interfere with and modify, according to her own notions, the strictly medical treatment. She will have her hands and thoughts full of her own work, and will be quite sufficiently impressed with the much greater importance of her own office than the doctor's in a large number of cases, not to wish to interfere with his affairs.

ART OF SNUBBING.

Rightly taken, there are only two methods of life—the life of impulse or instinct, and the life of consciousness or art; and the chief characteristic of man is that he is the only creature on this earth of ours whose purposes go beyond his instincts, who reduces blind impulse to a conscious art. And among the things which are mere impulses in the beginning, but which he has raised to the rank of art by care and study, is that of snubbing. Inartistic snubbing, crude, archaic, undigested snubbing, snubbing in the rough, snubbing of the sledge-hammer order, is a thing that comes by nature. You see it from the earliest age, when Jackey, just four, snubs Jenny, just three, and tells her to hold her tongue, she is only a little girl, and don't know nothing about it. Indeed, all elder children snub all younger ones, as part of the prerogatives of seniority and the natural curriculum; the nursury being the place where there is a perpetual putting up of cockswell crests, which are perpetually pecked at till they are lowered. And the nursery is only an epitome of the larger world outside.

But artistic snubbing—the snubbing which is done with a purpose beyond the original instinct of self assertion, and the expression of rivalry, the snubbing that is keen as a rapier, subtle as a flame, swift as a lightning flash, the snubbing that is offered with the most perfect good breeding and command of temper, but that stings and bites, and of which the smart remains—this is snubbing raised to the level of an æsthetic art, and one which takes no mean gifts of mind and manner to render effective in substance and irreproachable in form. Polite society, and the more polite the better, is the parade ground where the art is exercised to perfection. Here all the rapiers have silver handles, but the blade itself is trenchant and strikes home. There is no brutal bludgeon-work, no telling a man to his face that he lies, that he boasts, that he presumes, that he is a scoundrel, or an intruder, as would be in a ruder state of manners; but the impression of superb disdain is conveyed as daintily, as airily in the well-bred snub as the poison that once lurked in a perfumed glove. And if the victim winces at the pain, at least he cannot complain of its method of administration. Nor can he retaliate. For snubbing is not, like fencing, a game for two, but emphatically an art for one only. When it ceases to be singular, and becomes dual, it ceases to be snubbing, and becomes a quarrel.

Some people marry with a foregone conclusion as to the necessity of snubbing on one side or the other; and so, to make sure of not being the victim, are careful to take the initiative and be the executioner. They live in the perpetual exercise of the art, and by practice obtain a cunning equal to that which enables a marksman to split a bullet on a penknife. Sometimes it is the wife who is snubbed out of all chance of the most elementary self-assertion—sometimes it is the husband, for the good of whose soul the wife undertakes the task of his personal humiliation. Like the venom of certain reptiles, continuous snubbing has a curiously benumbing effect on the moral system, and after a time produces a paralysis of the self-respecting faculties both odd and painful to witness. People unused to snubbing, who go where the art is practiced, are amazed at the quietness with which the patient receives impertinences which thrill them with indignation to hear. They expect some kind of protest, if only of the mildest kind, when the wife, looking across the table, says in a clear voice, audible to the whole company, "John, you have told that story so often, you seem to imagine it true; you know it never happened;" or when the husband cuts his wife short in her narration by setting her to rights, altering her dates, re-arranging her facts, paring off her details, and so on, giving you to understand by the manner of the snub that she is a fool and he is the possessor of a superior wisdom, which makes you long to kick him on the spot. But the husband accepts the rebuke with the patience of a parchyderm tickled by a straw, and the wife subsides into her assigned position of insignificance and inaccuracy; and both display a sweetness under discipline, saintly if you will, but surely, to the deeper insight, tragic on the one hand, and slavish on the other.

History is full of anecdotes of lofty snubbing; but, perhaps, the most famous was that administered to Cassandra when she stood in the streets of Troy, and prophesied of the woes to come. But prophets prophesying evil things have been snubbed everywhere and always; so, too, the men who are what is called before their time. To be sure, postering takes them up where their own generation had dropped them, and knowledge repairs what ignorance had damaged; but this is small comfort to the poor soul who may be snubbed out of existence altogether, as one we all know of whose "fiery particle" was snuffed out once by a critical snub of more savageness than he could endure. For snubbing is quick pruning, be it remembered, and if you prune too close you simply destroy the growth you seek to strengthen. But this savage energy is not snubbing according to the rules of high art. It is the sledge-hammer, not the rapier; the mere instinctive pecking at the crest which comes by nature, and as such does not belong to our present branch of the subject.

What are we dealing with now is the wonderful suavity with which some people manage to snub others; the sweetness with which they scarify the very heart of their victim, in broad day, and before a host of witnesses; the cleverness with which one substantially inferior can humiliate another, if only quick enough to begin first; the subtlety with which the attack can be carried on; blows dealt, and snubs administered, which every one can see and understand, but which are so finely delivered no one can take them up or resent them; the multiplicity of the snubber's sallyports, and the ubiquity of the snubber's forces, and, above all, the patience and fortitude which the novice must possess when he stands as the *corpus vile*, learning from self-vivisection how to operate in the future on others. So far as the thing is manifest to us, we would say that the art of æsthetic snubbing is one of the first learned and practiced by those who desire to get a footing in the grand world, as by those who wish to keep what they have got, and to shoulder others outside their own small circle of exclusiveness. If the gain outweighs the cost, well and good; perhaps to others, beside ourselves, the issue may appear doubtful.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Miss Risley, who belongs to the Seward travelling party, is not enamored with Egyptian landscapes. She says: "The scenery on the Nile is not in the least pretty. It is nothing but desert, with now and then a cultivated spot, or an occasional clump of the date-palms, and from five to ten miles back low sandstone hills, without a particle of green; and it is the same from Cairo to this place. It is low water now, but I don't imagine the scenery is any prettier in winter; still it has been a glorious trip, and I have enjoyed it beyond expression."

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For 15 Subscribers and $30, we will give a Doty Washing Machine. One of the best assistants in domestic labor.

" 12 " " $24, a Doty Clothes Wringer. No housewife should be without it.

" 10 " " $20, a splendid bronzed eight-day Clock.

" 10 " " $20, one Dress Pattern, fifteen yards best quality black Alpaca.

" 10 " " $20, a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary; something needed in every family.

" 9 " " $18, one dozen Spoons, heavily plated.

" 9 " " $18, one dozen silver plated Forks.

" 9 " " $18, silver plated Teapot.

" 9 " " $18, one dozen Dinner Knives, best quality.

" 7 " " $14, one set of French China, 44 pieces.

" 6 " " $12, silver plated Cake Basket.

" 6 " " $12, " " Butter Dish.

" 5 " " $10, one linen damask Table Cloth.

" 3 " " $6, one of Prang's Celebrated Chromos, "The Kid's Playground."

" 3 " " $6, Prang's beautiful Steel Engraving, "Our Women Warriors."

" 2 " " $4, Representative Women, being the portrait of seven ladies identified with the women's movement.

" 2 " " $4, silver plated Butter-Knife.

We propose to extend our list by adding such valuable premiums as are especially calculated to meet the wants of women.

Burnett's Cologne—The best in America.
Burnett's Cocoaine, the best hair-dressing.
Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best.
Burnett's Kalliston is the best cosmetic.
Burnett's Asthma remedy—A sure cure.

The Revolution.

PROSPECTUS.

The Revolution is a journal devoted to the welfare of Woman.

If its name be thought too ungentle to represent the sex for whom it speaks, let us explain in what sense its purpose is revolutionary.

A women is a teacher in a school in which, for doing the same duty as a man, exercising the same skill as a man, and achieving the same success as a man, she gets only one-third as much salary as a man; and this unfairness of wages we aim to revolutionize.

A woman toils from Monday morning till Saturday night, earning a scanty living for a besotted husband and hungry children, and at the end of every week her wages become the property of a man who, instead of supporting her, is supported by her; and this legalized serfdom we aim to revolutionize.

A woman works in a factory two hours a day longer than human nature ought to endure, and receives a weekly compensation too small sometimes to keep soul and body together; and this over-work and under-pay we aim to revolutionize.

A woman wishes to provide her children with a good education, but, in seeking to do so, discovers that though every ignorant man in the school-district has a voice in determining the school system, she herself has legally no influence whatever; and this unreasonable restriction we seek to revolutionize.

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From the Independent, (N. Y.) December, 1870.

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